

## Welcome Home by orphan\_account

**Category:** IT (2017), Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** F/M, I love u, M/M, This was a prompt on Tumblr, appreciate me, please, took my lazy ass three days so

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Karen Wheeler, Lucas Sinclair, Max (Stranger Things), Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Richie Tozier, Ted Wheeler, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Mike Wheeler/Eleven, Will Byers/Richie Tozier, jealous mike wheeler/ will byers

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2017-11-19

**Updated:** 2017-11-19

**Packaged:** 2022-04-02 14:55:10

**Rating:** General Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 1,364

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

And the two boys pretend not to notice when they're suddenly holding hands. And they pretend not to notice when the youngest rest his head on the other chest. And they also pretend that the world is accepting. And kind and beautiful. But whatever, Richie Tozier whispers in his mind as his lips are pressing against Will Byers.

# Welcome Home

## Author's Note:

I hope u enjoy!!

tumblr link -----> <https://bxbystxrs.tumblr.com/post/167647250663/welcome-home>

“Karen, we can’t handle him. You’re pregnant again and we can’t have an insane child in this house!”

“Ted, he has ADD! He is not insane!”

“The boy can barely sit still for more than five seconds! I refuse to have an idiot like him as a son!”

And as one Richie Wheeler silently cried to himself atop of his bed, the walls too thin between their bedroom and the living room, with his twin brother holding him tightly, he decided he despised the Wheeler name.

Hawkins was bigger than when he was here, Richie Tozier decided as he stepped off the train. His tiny suitcase rolling behind him as he passed people at the station. The weather was that weird blend of summer and autumn, the air of Indiana wet from the previous days rainfall. His large, thick rimmed glasses heating up due from the humidity and he could only sigh as he took them off and began to clean them with his shirt.

“Richie? Bud, is that you?”

A skinny and lean figure stood before him with her hand reached out, before gasping and suddenly Richie was in a tight hug by his older sister, Nancy Wheeler.

It’s been a long time since he’s had family hug him. It’s been a long time since his older sister, one of the two people who yelled at their parents for sending Richie off to their relatives, hugged him. And for once in his life, Richie wasn’t scared to hug someone back.

Nancy had her hair cut, much different then what Richie last seen in postcards she sent. Not only that, but her style of clothing had changed as well. Richie remembered she used to be very self

conscious about crop tops, or anything tight. But now she was wearing a crop top sweater with skinny jeans and boots. And Richie pretends he doesn't notice that her eyes didn't shine as bright as before. But that's okay because his didn't either.

"Where are...Where are Karen and Ted?" the words 'mom' and 'dad' still felt bitter on his tongue and he hasn't said the words in years.

Nancy didn't say anything as she took and pulled his suitcase for him, petting his messy and curly hair and that was all the answer he needed.

"What about...Mike?"

"School, bud," she said, making Richie snort at the nickname she's called him since they were children.

Richie already knew the answer. But couldn't help but feel disappointed his twin brother didn't skip school to see him.

Richie didn't see his twin brother until later that. When Richie was in the kitchen taking his Ritalin pill. He drank down his glass of sink water without much thought, flinching at the bitter after taste. He turned and choked up a bit seeing his twin brother and what he could assume was his girlfriend, who was holding his hand, and his friends. The person who immediately caught his eye was the shortest of the bunch, who was looking at him with bright and happy eyes.

The first one to break the semi awkward silence was Mike, who engulfed his twin in a tight hug. Nothing was said between them, but there were a million things to be said. I'm sorry, I'm so glad you're okay, I missed you, I'm sorry I let them take you, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry...

Richie was the first to pull away, a stupid grin on his face to lift the mood, "Hey there Loser. What you doing way past your fucking bed time?" teased the older twin. Causing Mike to groan and playfully punch his arm, and Richie to snap his head to a giggling Will.

And throughout all the introductions, Max reminding him a lot of his

friend Beverly and causing them to bond quickly, Dustin questioning whether or not the two twins had telepathy, and Lucas and El just generally had questions about him. Which Will could answer at the speed of light considering he knew him before he moved away to Derry.

One Richie Tozier, however, found himself cursing life once again. Because driving on the train to his new home made him think that his crush on the youngest Byers would fade away. But, as his bullshit train wreck that was his life, he would much rather face that damned clown than face his crush.

2 weeks had passed since Richie finally came home, and Richie has learned quite a few things in those 2 weeks.

Richie and the Party all had shared trauma, some worse than others, however.

Mike and him still fought as usual.

There was no way in flaming hell he was ever telling his parents about his bisexuality. Karen, maybe. Ted, hell would freeze over before he did.

And Mike Wheeler was the most idiotic, oblivious piece of shit if he's ever seen one.

All of these discoveries ran through the boys head as he walked around the river of Hawkins. His school backpack resting against a nearby tree. Another thing he could add to the list of discoveries was that his old friends had either forgotten him, or didn't really care for him in the first place. And that was alright, he decided. He had Mike and Nancy, no matter how many times they would fight, and he had the Losers who have made it a point to call him every single day.

Plus, he had that tiny fucking piece of shit that would make his heart spin like a stupid pining motherfucker in all those romcoms Eddie liked to watch and god fucking damnit, he was blushing. And as fate would have it, his own stupid crush was walking towards him with a

smile.

“Sorry I’m late Rich,” Will said, his arms carrying a few sketchbooks, paints, pencils and all the like. Will had planned for the two to spend time together and paint, and Richie couldn’t say no to him.

Will could ask him to skateboard off a roof and he’ll simply ask when.

“It’s fine you fucking dork,” he snorted, taking some of the supplies and setting them on the blanket he had already prepared. “Can’t help it that Loser loves your attention,” he hummed, snickering at Will’s flustered expression.

“Oh haha,” the boy let out a sarcastic laugh, sitting cross legged as he flipped to a new page in his sketchbook. “He adores El’s attention more than anything.”

“Ah, yes. Logical. The loser craves the attention of a girl he knew for a week over his best friend, mhm gotacha-”

Richie reminded himself to smack Mike silly when he got home. He had Will by his side every day and would rather spend his time with the girl that still didn’t have a hobby just yet. And while Richie understood why El didn’t have one, he was still bitter seeing Will’s hopelessness whenever Mike canceled his plans with him for her.

“I’m alright Rich,” Will promised, giving the older boy a comforting smile. “That just means more time to spend time with you, right?”

And the two boys pretend not to notice when they’re suddenly holding hands. And they pretend not to notice when the youngest rest his head on the other chest. And they also pretend that the world is accepting. And kind and beautiful. But whatever, Richie Tozier whispers in his mind as his lips are pressing against Will Byers.

Richie really couldn’t give a less of a shit whenever Mike sends them a longing look whenever the two hold hands. He couldn’t give a less of a shit whenever Ted makes crude remarks whenever he hears Richie plan dates with Will with Nancy. But that’s okay because

Karen glares at him to shut up and gushes with Nancy about Richie's new relationship. He couldn't give the tiniest shit either whenever people would say anything, Max and El usually had them begging on their knees when they were done decking them.

Because after years of feeling like the odd one out, sitting on the porch of the Byers house with his boyfriends, watching the leaves slowly fall and the lights Joyce had put up, Richie was finally home.